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MAINE
SILENT HILL
DOWNPOUR
ANNE'S STORY

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ANNE'S STORY

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Story So Far...

Anne, having survived the bus crash and a horrific journey through the dark, subterranean confines of Silent Hill's Devil's Pit, finds herself face-to-face at last with the man she blames for her father's long, torturous death: Murphy Pendleton. But she's unable to complete her revenge as paralyzing visions of her horrific past continue to punish her mind and her soul...

Based on a story by Tomm Hulett, Devin Shatsky, Brian Gomez and Tom Waltz

Special thanks to Michael Rajna, Ajay Vidure, and John Choon for their invaluable assistance.

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IDW founded by Ted Adams, Alex Garner, Kris Oprisko, and Robbie Robbins

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DJ RICKS BACK AGAIN WITH ANOTHER DEDICATION FOR OUR MR. POPULARITY TODAY, MURPHY PENDLETON.
THE WLMN-FM PHONE HAS BEEN RINGING OFF THE HOOK FOR OLD MURPHY.
ALL I CAN SAY, PEOPLE, IS THAT DJ RICKS IS GONNA HAVE TO MEET THIS DUDE SOME DAY...

...AND FIND OUT WHAT HIS *SECRET* IS.

"MRS. ANNE MARIE CUNNINGHAM..."
...THAT'S GONNA TAKE SOME GETTING USED TO, KIDDO.
I'LL ALWAYS BE YOUR ANNIE COLERIDGE, DAD. PROMISE
AND, MARK, YOU TAKE GOOD CARE OF THIS GIRL. I FULLY PLANNED ON BRINGING HER UNDER MY WING AT RYALL STATE, BUT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GOING WITH HER HUBBY TO WAYSIDE INSTEAD.
DON'T WORRY, MR. COLERIDGE, I'LL TAKE EXCELLENT CARE OF HER.
PLUS, WARDEN TRENT'S A STRAIGHT SHOOTER...
"...WE'LL BE IN GOOD HANDS AT WAYSIDE."
YOU'RE A REAL HANDFUL, CUNNINGHAM...
...THAT HUBBY OF YOURS EVER TELL YOU THAT? GUY DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S MISSING, I TELL YA.
BY THE WAY, SORRY ABOUT YOUR OLD MAN PASSING, BUT PROBABLY FOR THE BETTER, RIGHT? HELLUVA WAY TO LIVE... BEIN' A VEGETABLE LIKE THAT.
GOOD NEWS IS, ALL THIS FUN WE BEEN HAVING TOGETHER'S 'BOUT TO PAY OFF. WARDEN MILTON OVER AT RYALL'S GONNA SIGN OFF ON PENDLETON'S TRANSFER PAPERS.
THAT CHUMP'S GONNA BE ALL YOURS REAL SOON. JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU, SWEETHEART...
"...MUTUAL GAIN."

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOU'D GAIN FROM IT, ANNE...
...AND DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEAN. IT'S ALL OVER THE PRISON—EVERYONE'S WHISPERING ABOUT YOUR DIRTY, LITTLE SECRET.
FUCKING WARDEN TRENT. REALLY?
WELL, FUCK IT—I'M DONE. YOU WANNA BE THAT ASSHOLE'S SKANK, THEN YOU DO THAT, ANNE... OR WHATEVER THE HELL IT IS YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING.
JUST REMEMBER, YOUR DAD'S DEAD AND NOTHING YOU DO WILL EVER FIX THAT.
YOU KNOW, THE FUNNY PART IS, THE ONLY PERSON WHOSE LIFE ISN'T STILL FUCKED UP BY WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM...
"...IS BURIED SIX FEET UNDER THAT GODDAMN ROCK."
FRANK COLRIDGE
LOVING HUSBAND AND
A GOOD MAN
HE'S WRONG, DADDY.
I CAN FIX THIS.
DJ RICKS PLAYING THE TUNES YOU WANT TO HEAR, YEAR AFTER YEAR AFTER YEAR. WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER A LONG TIME, SILENT HILL, AND WE AIN'T DONE WITH EACH OTHER YET.
YOU SEE, DJ RICKS HAS GOT AN IMPORTANT NEWS FLASH FOR Y'ALL, SO PERK UP THEM EARS...

...I KNOW A WAY OUT OF TOWN.
WHAT THE HELL DID HE JUST SA—
AAHHH!
KSSSHH

FOR BETTER OR WORSE...
...THAT'S WHAT YOU PROMISED, ANNE.
SHIT!
IN SICKNESS...
...AND IN HEALTH.
HSSSSS...
GYAH!
CRSSHH

YOU REMEMBER THE VOWS YOU MADE, DON'T YOU, SLUT? IN FRONT OF EVERYONE.
IN FRONT OF GOD.
AND GOD HEARS, ANNE, GOD REMEMBERS.
GOD PUNISHES.
NO!
JUST YOU AND ME NOW, ANNE...

...UNTIL DEATH DO US PART.
NO MORE.
NO MORE!

SPAK
RAAAH!
KRAK
DO YOU HEAR ME?!
THUD
THUD
THUD
NO MORE.
"SO, I GUESS THAT'S IT, THEN..."

...GOT THE TRANSFER PAPERS RIGHT HERE. SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED FROM THE TOP.
YOU MUSTA CALLED IN SOME SERIOUS FAVORS TO GET THIS DONE, SUGAR. PENDLETON WASN'T EVEN ON THE INVENTORY DUMP LIST LAST I LOOKED.
YEAH, WELL, THINGS CHANGE.
WE'LL BE CONDUCTING THE TRANSFER IN TWO WEEKS, SEWELL. I'LL FAX OVER THE BUS MANIFEST. SHOULD JUST BE ME AND TWO OTHERS—ANOTHER C.O. AND THE DRIVER.
SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT...
...CAN'T IMAGINE YOU'LL NEED MORE FOR THE YAHOOS WE'RE HANDIN' OFF TO YOU. NONE OF 'EM SHOULD GIVE YOU MUCH TROUBLE.
SANCHEZ IS ALL MOUTH, GATES IS OUT IN A COUPLE YEARS IF HE KEEPS HIS NOSE CLEAN, AND PENDLETON'S PRETTY MUCH AS TAME A FISH AS THEY COME...
...IF YOU DON'T COUNT THE WHOLE STOMPIN'-A-CORRECTIONS-OFFICER THING, THAT IS.
I COUNT IT.
YEAH. I BET YOU DO, SUGAR.
CRAZIEST THING OF ALL, OL' FRANK COLERIDGE WAS FRIENDLY AS HELL TO PENDLETON BEFORE THE RIOT. YOU JUST NEVER KNOW WHO'S GONNA SNAP, HEY?
SURE DON'T PAY TO BE A NICE GUY IN THIS BUSINESS, DOES IT?
NO...
...NO, IT DOESN'T.
GUESS IT'S LIKE THEY SAY—

"—ONLY THE *GOOD* DIE YOUNG."
NO...
...NOT ONLY THE GOOD, SEWELL.
ANYONE, PLEASE? CAN *ANYBODY* HEAR THIS? I'M AT THE *STATION* IN THE OLD CLOCK TOWER.
ANYONE, I'M *WAITING*. PLEASE.
"RADIO STATION?"
"YEP. BIG OL' BUILDIN' WITH A CLOCK ON THE TOP..."
...CAN'T MISS IT.

"MIGHT BE SOME ANSWERS WAITIN' FOR YOU THERE."
NO...
TODAY THE BAD DIE YOUNG, TOO.

THIS TOWN... LIKE IT'S EMPTY.
I CAN'T BE THE ONLY ONE HERE.
WHERE THE FUCK IS EVERYON—
YO, SILENT HILL, DJ RICKS ON WLMN-FM HERE AND...
...I NEED HELP.
THE RADIO—IN THAT TRUCK. AND THE DRIVER'S SEAT...
THEY'RE WATCHING ME! MAN, THEY'RE LISTENING.
...SOMEONE'S THERE.
YOU, IN THE TRUCK. THIS IS THE POLICE.
PUT YOUR HANDS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW WHERE I CAN SEE THEM. DO IT!
I DON'T GOT A LOT OF TIME.
I SAID, SHOW ME YOUR...
...HANDS.
PLEASE...

...SOMEBODY *HELP* ME!
WHA... WHAT THE HEL—
NNNNRRRR...
WHO?!
NNNNRRR
HOW...
DONK
AAH!

D-DADDY? WHERE...
...WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
DADDY, WHO DID ALL THIS?
WHO KILLED ALL THESE ANI—
GLRRGK!
SHIRK
DADDY... PLEASE...
...HELP ME...
...PLEASE.

...Ding...
MAN, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU JUST SAW A GHOST OR SOMETHIN'. YOU ALL RIGHT?
NOT REALLY, NO.
GOOD TO HEAR. SO, WHAT CAN DJ BOBBY RICKS DO FOR YOU, UH...?
MURPHY PENDLETON.
GYAAH!
WHERE...?
LIKE I WAS SAYIN', WHAT CAN DJ BOBBY RICKS DO FOR YOU, MURPHY? GOT A TRACK YOU WANT TO PLAY OR—
I'M THE GUY YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING OUT THE DEDICATIONS FOR. I GOT THE MESSAGE. I CAME TO FIND YOU.
WLMN?
'FRAID YOU GOT THE WRONG MAN, MURPHY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT. BUT IF THERE'S A SONG YOU WANT TO HEAR OR A DEDICATION YOU WANT TO MAKE, I COULD—
RADIO STATION.
LOOK, MAN, I CAME THROUGH HELL AND HIGH WATER BECAUSE YOU CALLED ME! NOW CUT THE BULLSHIT, 'CAUSE I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!
CHILL OUT, MAN. YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN, YOU'RE GONNA GET US BOTH IN TROUBLE, AND YOU DO NOT WANT THAT.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHO MIGHT BE LISTENING, UNDERSTAND?

THANK GOD SOMEONE FINALLY HEARD ME. I CAN'T EVEN TELL YOU HOW LONG IT'S BEEN JUST SPINNING RECORD AFTER RECORD AFTER RECORD, HOPIN' SOMEONE—
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE, RICKS? WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. IF WE'RE GONNA GET OUTTA HERE, WE GOTTA MOVE FAST! YOU GETTIN' THIS FAR TELLS ME WE MIGHT... MIGHT... EVEN HAVE A CHANCE OF GETTIN' OUT ALIVE.
GETTING OUT? ALIVE?
WHAT'S THE PLAN?
RIGHT, LISTEN... I'VE GOT THIS BOAT, SHE'S MOORED DOWN AT THE MARINA. SHE'S FAST—REAL FAST. PROBLEM IS, SOME MOTHERFUCKER RANSACKED THE STUDIO AND JACKED THE KEYS.
I'LL HOTWIRE IT, NO PROBLEM.
OH, HELL NO.
THAT'S NOT GONNA WORK. THIS PLACE... IT DOES STRANGE SHIT TO REALITY, MAN. IT'S LIKE THERE'S RULES YOU GOTTA FOLLOW, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
RIINNG
BOBBY RICKS.
UH-HUH... YEAH, SURE. WHO'S IT GOIN' OUT TO?
...
BUT, I, UH... THAT'S NICE OF YOU TO THINK OF ME. YEAH, REAL NICE.
THANK YOU.
THEY'RE COMIN'.
WHO?
DOESN'T MATTER. WE GOTTA FIND THOSE KEYS. THEY'RE ON A SILVER CHAIN THAT SAYS "FREEDOM"...

...YOU CAN'T MISS 'EM.
HELL FUCKING NO.
PENDLETON!
PUT THE GUN DOWN, DAMMIT...
...WE MIGHT HAVE A WAY OUTTA HERE.
YOU... I NEED TO USE YOUR PHONE.
SORRY, LADY. CALLS COME IN, BUT DON'T GO OUT. JUST 'CAUSE FOLKS WANNA BE HEARD, IT DON'T MEAN THEY'RE WILLIN' TO LISTEN.
SEE FOR YOURSELF.
WE'RE SORRY, BUT THIS LINE IS DEAD. ALL DEAD... ANNIE.
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON AROUND HERE?
NO!
GODDAMMIT!

AAAAAHHHH!
UFF!
GAH!
BLAM
BLAM
NO!
AAAAHHH!
KRAK

MUSIC'S AN AMAZING THING, DON'T YA THINK?
MUSIC.
I BEEN HERE SO LONG, I THINK ABOUT IT A LOT.
OHH...
WHERE ARE WE?
THERE'S MUSIC IN EVERYTHING. BEAT AND RHYTHM. MELODY. HARMONY. IF YOU LISTEN... REALLY LISTEN... IT'S EVERYWHERE.
I USED TO LOVE MUSIC—BEFORE THIS... GODDAMN PLACE.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
YOU EVER HEAR OF THE DEVIL'S INTERVAL? IT'S A MUSIC THING—AN AUGMENTED 4TH OR FLATTED 5TH... SOME TECHNICAL SHIT LIKE THAT.
FUCKER SOUNDS SCARY AS HELL... LIKE SOMETHIN' EVIL. DISSONANT AS FUCK.
USED TO BE, THE CHURCH EXECUTED FOLKS FOR JUST PLAYIN' THE DAMN THING... IT'S THAT BAD.
THAT'S WHAT I THINK THIS PLACE IS—THE DEVIL'S INTERVAL. THE SAME HAUNTED-ASS NOTE PLAYED OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
DISSONANT...
...LIKE A SCREAM.
TO BE CONCLUDED.